





THE LIBRARY  
OF  
THE UNIVERSITY  
OF CALIFORNIA  
LOS ANGELES



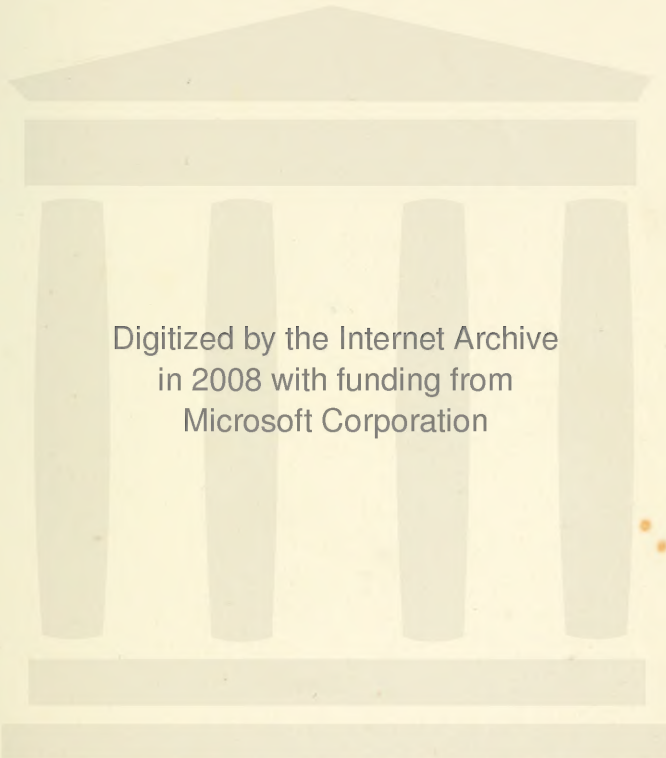


To Mrs Kay

from the Author

May 10 1891





Digitized by the Internet Archive  
in 2008 with funding from  
Microsoft Corporation





*This Edition is limited to two hundred and fifty copies.*

*This is No. 44.*

DEBITA FLACCO.



# DEBITA FLACCO

ECHOES OF ODE AND EPODE

BY

E. H. PEMBER



LONDON

PRINTED AT THE CHISWICK PRESS  
FOR PRIVATE DISTRIBUTION

1891



PR  
5167  
P366d

## PREFACE.

THE translation of Poetry is an impossibility ; there is indeed no such thing, and the phrase is utterly unrepresentative. Form and sound differentiate poetry, and these are obviously lost in translation. The delicate enamel of originally chosen language, which forms, as it were, the surface bloom of verse, shrivels off in the heat of the translator's crucible. Whatever else may emerge from the ashes, that never can. It is inevitable that it should suffer

" Change  
Into something rich (?) and strange."

If there were degrees of the impossible, its climax would be reached in efforts to render an antique, and of all antiques, perhaps, Horace. But his social affinities are so far reaching as to leave it not quite out of the question that one should give to those who cannot read him some notion of what he was in his lighter moods. This I have tried to do by placing some of his smaller pieces side by side with a series of parallels worked upon motives and incidents taken from modern life. In doing so, it may be that I shall have pleased some of the friends among whom I have ventured to distribute this little book.

E. H. P.

VICARS HILL,  
*April, 1891.*

824040

# CONTENTS.

|                                                  | PAGE |
|--------------------------------------------------|------|
| AD AGRIPPAM . . . . .                            | 2    |
| AD L. SESTIUM . . . . .                          | 6    |
| AD NAVEM . . . . .                               | 10   |
| AD LYDIAM . . . . .                              | 14   |
| AD FUSCUM . . . . .                              | 16   |
| AD PYRRHAM . . . . .                             | 20   |
| AD LEUCONOEN . . . . .                           | 22   |
| AD C. SALLUSTIUM CRISPUM . . . . .               | 24   |
| INVOCATIO AD VENEREM . . . . .                   | 28   |
| AD XANTHIAM PHOCEUM . . . . .                    | 30   |
| AD FAMULUM . . . . .                             | 34   |
| AD POSTUMUM . . . . .                            | 36   |
| AD VALGIUM . . . . .                             | 40   |
| PAUPERTATEM DIVITIIS PRÆFERT . . . . .           | 44   |
| AD THALIARCHUM . . . . .                         | 54   |
| LUXUM REPREHENDIT . . . . .                      | 58   |
| AD FONTEM BANDUSIAE . . . . .                    | 62   |
| DIALOGUS HORATH ET LYDIAE . . . . .              | 66   |
| AD LIGURINUM . . . . .                           | 70   |
| IN CHLORIN VETULAM . . . . .                     | 74   |
| AD LYDEN . . . . .                               | 78   |
| AD ASTERIEN . . . . .                            | 80   |
| IN LYCEN VETULAM . . . . .                       | 84   |
| IN CANIDIAM VENEFICAM . . . . .                  | 88   |
| FENERATOR ALFIUS VITAM RUSTICAM LAUDAT . . . . . | 96   |
| DE CARMINIBUS SUIS . . . . .                     | 110  |

# CONTENTS.

|                                   | PAGE |
|-----------------------------------|------|
| TO A PATRON . . . . .             | 3    |
| SPRING . . . . .                  | 7    |
| TO THE 'CALAIS-DOUVRES' . . . . . | 11   |
| LOVE-SLOTH . . . . .              | 15   |
| LOVE'S ARMOUR . . . . .           | 17   |
| THE FLIRT . . . . .               | 21   |
| FUTILITY . . . . .                | 23   |
| THE MISER'S HEIR . . . . .        | 25   |
| AN INVITATION . . . . .           | 29   |
| A SANCTION . . . . .              | 31   |
| AL FRESCO . . . . .               | 35   |
| SIR PETER . . . . .               | 37   |
| FIDELITY . . . . .                | 41   |
| TEMPLE CHAMBERS . . . . .         | 45   |
| ROLICK AND FROLIC . . . . .       | 55   |
| SMART SQUIRES . . . . .           | 59   |
| BOLDRE WATER . . . . .            | 63   |
| A SHAM FIGHT . . . . .            | 67   |
| BLIND BOYS . . . . .              | 71   |
| THE FRISKY MATRON . . . . .       | 75   |
| A BIRTHDAY . . . . .              | 79   |
| A BROTHER'S LETTER . . . . .      | 81   |
| THE OLD COQUETTE . . . . .        | 85   |
| WEIRD SISTERS . . . . .           | 89   |
| THE QUEEN'S COUNSEL . . . . .     | 97   |
| ENVOI . . . . .                   | 111  |



ECHIOES OF ODE AND EPODE.

## AD AGRIPPAM.

SCRIBERIS Vario fortis et hostium  
 Victor Maconii carminis alite,  
 Quam rem cunque ferox navibus aut equis  
 Miles te duce gesserit :

Nos, Agrippa, neque haec dicere nec gravem  
 Pelidae stomachum cedere nescii  
 Nec cursus duplicis per mare Ulixei  
 Nec saevam Pelopis domum

Conamur tenues grandia, dum pudor  
 Imbellisque lyrae Musa potens vetat  
 Laudes egregii Caesaris et tuas  
 Culpa deterere ingeni.

Quis Martem tunica tectum adamantina  
 Digne scripserit aut pulvere Troico  
 Nigrum Merionen aut ope Palladis  
 Tydiden superis parem ?

## TO A PATRON.

AH no, my Lord, I've learned my level now ;  
 No more towards Epic or the Tragic heights  
 I care to raise a too ambitious brow ;  
 Saints, Sagas, Vedas, and Arthurian fights

My Muse hath long forbidden me to try,  
 And under her benevolent behest,  
 All themes for me too difficult and high  
 I leave to Lewis Morris and the rest.

Unhappy Laureates of the loftier lays,  
 Whom the stern suffrage of the cruel Nine  
 Compels towards heights of failure ! How I praise  
 My Mistress, and her sovereignty benign

That shepherds me in lowlier realms of song,  
 The ripe green valleys wealthy with the sun,  
 Woods, fountains, fruits, and flowers, the dancing throng,  
 Shy twilight's whispers, midnight's sprightlier fun,

Nos convivia, nos proelia virginum  
Sectis in juvenes unguibus acrium  
Cantamus vacui, sive quid urimur  
Non praeter solitum leves.



Love, holding both hands to his laughing face,  
And Strife who struggles vainly to endure,  
Tears that a dimple buries without trace,  
And wounds, such scratches as a kiss may cure.



## AD L. SESTIUM.

SOLVITUR acris hiems grata vice veris et Favoni,  
 Trahuntque siccas machinae carinas,  
 Ac neque jam stabulis gaudet pecus aut arator igni ;  
 Nec prata canis albicant pruinis.

Jam Cythærea choros ducit Venus imminente Luna,  
 Junctaeque Nymphis Gratiae decentes  
 Alterno terram quatiunt pede, dum graves Cyclopum  
 Vulcanus ardens urit officinas.

Nunc decet aut viridi nitidum caput impedire myrto  
 Aut flore terrae quem ferunt solutae.  
 Nunc et in umbrosis Fauno decet immolare lucis,  
 Seu poscat agnam sive malit haedum.

Pallida Mors aequo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas  
 Regumque turres. O beate Sesti,  
 Vitae summa brevis spem nos vetat inchoare longam.  
 Jam te premet nox fabulaeque Manes

## SPRING.

THE south wind holds, the frost departs,  
 I feel that Spring is really here ;  
 The sailors borrow country carts  
 To carry down their boats and gear.

The meads have lost their looks of grey,  
 The cattle feed a-field again,  
 The farmer's people day by day  
 Grow busier still with plough and wain.

Yon mounting moon infects the sky,  
 The evening air breathes warm and bright,  
 If I believed in fairies, I  
 Should say that they would dance to-night.

I dream of dinner through the gloom—  
 Spring-chicken and a water-cress—  
 And, knowing where some wall-flowers bloom,  
 I pick a few for Fanny's dress.

Et domus exilis Plutonia : quo simul mearis,  
Nec regna vini sortiere talis  
Nec tenerum Lycidan mirabere, quo calet juvenus  
Nunc omnis et mox virgines tepebunt.



The bird, the herb, the flower I chose  
 With touch of reverence for the Spring,  
 I thought, combined with old La Rose,  
 They'd make a vernal offering.

Don't look so serious, Lady mine,  
 'Tis not all gluttony, my dear ;  
 Reflect, you angel, while you dine,  
 How that fell season may be near,

When wine and poultry both shall end,  
 And o'er our heads shall bloom the flowers ;  
 And later folk than we, sweet friend,  
 Shall feast their spring as I feast ours.



## AD NAVEM.

SIC te diva potens Cypri,  
 Sic fratres Helenae lucida sidera,  
 Ventorumque regat pater,  
 Obstrictis aliis praeter Iapyga :

Navis, quae tibi creditum  
 Debes Virgilium, finibus Atticis  
 Reddas incolumem precor,  
 Et serves animae dimidium meae.

Illi robur et aes triplex  
 Circa pectus erat qui fragilem truci  
 Commisit pelago ratem  
 Primus, nec timuit praecipitem Africum

Decertantem Aquilonibus,  
 Nec tristes Hyadas, nec rabiem Noti,  
 Quo non arbiter Hadriae  
 Major, tollere seu ponere vult freta.

TO THE "CALAIS-DOUVRES."

FAIR Steamer, who from Calais Pier  
 Pliest this afternoon to Dover,  
 Oh hear, if you have ears to hear,  
 And take care how you take us over !

Britannia, heritress divine  
 Of all the bygone Gods of weather,  
 I pray thee rule those waves of thine,  
 And shut up all the winds together !

I quite indorse what Horace said  
 About the heart of oak and brass  
 He must have had who first essayed  
 Across the villainous seas to pass.

Oh vainly fixed the Norse and Danes  
 Our Island home with wise intent,  
 If we will nullify their pains  
 By going on the Continent.

Quem Mortis timuit gradum  
 Qui siccis oculis monstra natantia,  
 Qui vidit mare turgidum et  
 Infames scopulos Acroceraunia?

Nequicquam deus abscidit  
 Prudens Oceano dissociabili  
 Terras si tamen impiae  
 Non tangenda rates transiliunt vada.

Audax omnia perpeti  
 Gens humana ruit per vetitum nefas.  
 Audax Iapeti genus  
 Ignem fraude mala gentibus intulit.

Post ignem aethera domo  
 Subductum macies et nova febrium  
 Terris incubuit cohors,  
 Semotique prius tarda necessitas

Leti corripuit gradum.  
 Expertus vacuum Daedalus aëra  
 Pennis non homini datis ;  
 Perrupit Acheronta Herculeus labor.

Nil mortalibus ardui est ;  
 Caelum ipsum petimus stultitia, neque  
 Per nostrum patimur scelus  
 Iracunda Jovem ponere fulmina.

Since first Prometheus filled his reed  
 There's nothing men won't try to do,  
 Provided only that the deed  
 Is rash, or impudent, or new.

Our Mother Eve wrecked all our lives  
 By sampling unaccustomed fruits,  
 And now Professor Baldwin thrives  
 By risking his in parachutes.

I've heard that Rajah Dhuleep S.,  
 A black gem of the purest water,  
 Once asked in simple fatuousness  
 The hand of Queen Victoria's Daughter.

A steeple to their schism shop  
 Is reared by every Canting Crew,  
 And soon, unless they're made to stop,  
 They'll talk of going to Heaven too !

Our Alpine Clubmen hang like flies  
 On slippery scarp and icy fell,  
 And now and then some idiot tries  
 Th' Atlantic in a Cockle-Shell.

But, sweet Britannia, curb your seas,  
 And let me once step safe ashore,  
 And you shall wreck me as you please,  
 If I turn seaward any more.

## AD LYDIAM.

LYDIA, dic, per omnes  
 Te deos oro, Sybarin cur properas amando  
 Perdere ; cur apricum  
 Oderit campum patiens pulveris atque solis ?  
 Cur neque militaris  
 Inter aequales equitat, Gallica nec lupatis  
 Temperat ora frenis ?  
 Cur timet flavum Tiberim tangere ? Cur olivum  
 Sanguine viperino  
 Cautius vitat, neque jam livida gestat armis  
 Brachia saepe disco,  
 Saepe trans finem jaculo nobilis expedito ?  
 Quid latet, ut marinae  
 Filium dicunt Thetidis sub lacrimosa Trojae  
 Funera ne virilis  
 Cultus in caedem et Lycias proriperet catervas ?

## LOVE-SLOTH.

BY all my Gods, and they are very many,  
     I pray you, Lady Lydia, let me know  
 Why, as it seems to do, it gives you any  
     Pleasure to let your love spoil Sidney so.

He left the Second Life Guards for your sake,  
     Sold all his horses, hunts and shoots no more,  
 And, do our worst, we cannot make him take  
     A cricket bat in hand, or touch an oar.

Why does he thus "lie low," as legends say  
     Achilles did to shirk the siege of Troy ;  
 You best know why, but be it what it may,  
     We think it rather rough on him, poor Boy !

## AD FUSCUM.

**I**NTEGER vitae scelerisque purus  
 Non eget Mauris jaculis neque arcu  
 Nec venenatis gravida sagittis,  
     Fusce, pharetra,  
 Sive per Syrtes iter aestuosas  
 Sive facturus per inhospitalem  
 Caucasum vel quae loca fabulosus  
     Lambit Hydaspes.  
 Namque me silva lupo in Sabina,  
 Dum meam canto Lalagen et ultra  
 Terminum curis vagor expeditis,  
     Fugit inermem,  
 Quale portentum neque militaris  
 Daunias latis alit aesculetis,  
 Nec Jubae tellus generat leonum  
     Arida ~~in~~utrix.  
 Pone me pigris ubi nulla campis  
 Arbor aestiva recreatur aura,  
 Quod latus mundi nebulae malusque  
     Juppiter urget ;

## LOVE'S ARMOUR.

SO, Gerald, I hear that you're off to the "Rockies,"  
 To kill conscientiously all that you see,  
 And Lilian writes that of weapons your stock is  
 About as complete as could possibly be.

But, Gerald, you rascal, in all your collection  
 There's one arm that's wanting, I very much fear ;  
 And that is the panoply wrought by affection  
 For some little woman who's worth holding dear.

Old man, there are perils we've all us slighted,  
 And I not a whit less, I own it, than you,  
 That beat every rifle that ever was sighted,  
 But Love and Love's purity carry us through.

And talking of Lily, last night I succeeded  
 In setting some words to her favourite song,  
 And thinking my efforts unheard or unheeded,  
 Was trolling them out as I sauntered along.

Pone sub curru nimium propinqui  
Solis in terra domibus negata :  
Dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo,  
Dulce loquentem.



And while I sang on, and my vision grew sweeter,  
 For Lilian's melody wrought like a charm,  
 A horrid great Bull-dog, a well-known man-eater,  
 Rushed out through the gate into Tomkins's farm.

You'll laugh when you read this, I know it looks silly,  
 But still it's a fact, that most truculent hound,  
 As soon as he heard I was singing of Lily,  
 Just shut up his chaps, and turned quietly round !

Don't ask me to come too ; what's done can't be undone ;  
 And Love is a master as well as a joy ;  
 Only three months ago I'd have whisked up to London,  
 And started next week without winking, dear Boy !

But I feel somehow stalking's just now not in my line,  
 And fear that at best I should be in your way ;  
 For how could I look for " Bighorn " on a sky line,  
 If dreaming of Lilian half through the day ?



## AD PYRRHAM.

Q UIS multa gracilis te puer in rosa  
 Perfusus liquidis urget odoribus  
 Grato, Pyrrha, sub antro?  
 Cui flavam religas comam  
 Simplex munditiis? Heu quoties fidem  
 Mutatosque deos flebit et aspera  
 Nigris aequora ventis  
 Emirabitur insolens  
 Qui nunc te fruitur credulus aurea;  
 Qui semper vacuam, semper amabilem  
 Sperat nescius aurae  
 Fallacis. Miseri quibus  
 Intentata nites! Me tabula sacer  
 Votiva paries indicat uvida  
 Suspendisse potenti  
 Vestimenta maris deo

## THE FLIRT.

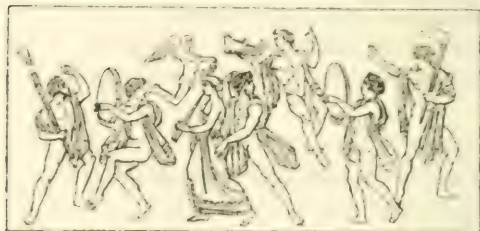
GOOD evening, Lady Flora ; who's the man ?  
 Forgive my bluntness, but you needn't stare ;  
 You can't be puzzled, tho' I may be rude.  
 Who, if not I, may claim to know your plan,  
 The small white rosebuds in your golden hair,  
 The long black skirt untrimmed ? Oh, we grow shrewd

When you've half ruined us ! Ah, there he is,  
 Poor little chap ! And from his button-hole,  
 As once from mine, peeps a white rosebud too.  
 How he believes in your simplicities !  
 A creed of brief duration, poor young soul !  
 Soon will he know his Goddess thro' and thro',

And fret, as we all fretted, till we waded  
 Thro' surf of Knowledge to Salvation's crags !  
 Under a glass case in my library  
 I keep a few white rosebuds, very faded,  
 As rescued sailors once hung up their rags  
 In token of their gratitude. Goodbye !

## AD LEUCONOEN.

**T**U ne quaesieris, scire nefas, quem mihi, quem tibi  
 Finem di dederint, Leuconoë, nec Babylonios  
 Tentaris numeros. Ut melius quidquid erit pati,  
 Seu plures hiemes seu tribuit Juppiter ultimam,  
 Quae nunc oppositis debilitat pumicibus mare  
 Tyrrhenum. Sapias, vina liques, et spatio brevi  
 Spem longam reseces. Dum loquimur fugerit invida  
 Aetas : carpe diem quam minimum credula postero.



## FUTILITY

OH cease to speculate on Life and Death,  
 And who shall live the longest, you or I ;  
 Nor on vain sighing, Nelly, waste your breath  
 Because Astrology is all a lie.

Be calm, a score of winters with their fun  
 May be in store for us, or it may be  
 That this particularly nasty one,  
 Freezing the mud-banks of our Solent sea,

May be our last ; be wise, my child, and take  
 One glass of this mulled claret, and go sleep ;  
 'Tis fatal to be over wideawake !  
 Old Time, while we this wasteful vigil keep,

Passes and chuckles ; let us live to-day,  
 And look ahead as little as we may !

## AD C. SALLUSTIUM CRISPUM.

NULLUS argento color est avaris  
 Abdito terris, inimice lamnae  
 Crispe Sallusti, nisi temperato  
 Splendeat usu.

Vivet extento Proculeius aevo  
 Notus in fratres animi paterni ;  
 Illum aget penna metuente solvi  
 Fama superstes.

Latius regnes avidum domando  
 Spiritum, quam si Libyam remotis  
 Gadibus jungas et uterque Poenus  
 Serviat uni.

Crescit indulgens sibi dirus hydrops,  
 Nec sitim pellit nisi causa morbi  
 Fugerit venis et aquosus albo  
 Corpore languor.

## THE MISER'S HEIR.

NOW, friend Charley, that you've come into that  
fortune

Which enables you to count your Million twice,  
Tho' most anxious not to lecture or importune,  
I shall send you this one letter of advice.

Said old Horace, " Hoarded money has no colour,"  
A quaint dictum which I paraphrase to you  
By remarking that no lot could well be duller  
Than the life of an immensely wealthy screw.

That Avarice has its use may be conceded,  
Altho' writers don't admit it as a rule ;  
One chance Miser in a family is needed,  
But the Miser who succeeds one is a fool.

For a period of at least three generations  
Has your Uncle <sup>1</sup> done the business for you all ;  
Then accept the grand result of his privations,  
And at once begin to furbish up the Hall.

<sup>1</sup> Horace's friend Sallust had succeeded to his Uncle, a noted miser.

Redditum Cyri solio Phraaten  
 Dissidens plebi numero beatorum  
 Eximit Virtus, populumque falsis  
 Dedocet uti

Vocibus, regnum et diadema tutum  
 Deferens uni propriamque laurum  
 Quisquis ingentes oculo irretorto  
 Spectat acervos.



Don't take refuge in a pitiful autopsy,  
 And whine, "I must, I feel it in my blood ;"  
 Did a water-diet ever cure the dropsy ?  
 Hire a forest, buy a steam yacht, raise a stud !

Show the colour of your money to your neighbours ;  
 Be God's almoner and herald to the poor ;  
 Make the measure and the merit of your labours,  
 To drive misery, say, ten miles from your door.

If you follow up old Horace's direction,  
 And will make of generosity a creed,  
 You shall win a little kingdom of affection,  
 Where your Uncle found a dungeon in his greed.



## INVOCATIO AD VENEREM.

O VENUS, regina Cnidi Paphique,  
 Sperne dilectam Cypron, et vocantis  
 Thure te multo Glyceræ decoram  
 Transfer in aedem.

Fervidus tecum puer et solutis  
 Gratiae zonis properentque Nymphae  
 Et parum comis sine te Juventas  
 Mercuriusque.



## AN INVITATION.

OH Venus, if haply of Paphos and Cnidus  
 And Cyprus in general you've had your fill,  
 And do not as mortals too keenly deride us,  
 Pray pay us a visit at Vicars Hill.

And bring your Boy with you, and all the three Graces,  
 And lightly-zoned Ladies who trip in your train,  
 And Youth, who without thee wellnigh out of place is,  
 And Mercury too, should he be in the vein.



## AD XANTHIAM PHOCEUM.

NE sit ancillae tibi amor pudori,  
 Xanthia Phoeu! Prius insolentem  
 Serva Briseis niveo colore  
 Movit Achillem;

Movit Ajacem Telamone natum  
 Forma captivae dominum Tecmessae;  
 Arsit Atrides medio in triumpho  
 Virgine rapta,

Barbarae postquam cecidere turmae  
 Thessalo victore et adeptus Hector  
 Tradidit fessis leviora tolli  
 Pergama Graeis.

Nescias an te generum beati  
 Phyllidis flavae decorent parentes:  
 Regium certe genus et penates  
 Maeret iniquos.

## A SANCTION.

AND so you want to marry Phyllis Gray,  
     The little mystery of Hertford Street ;  
 Well, well, a wilful man will have his way,  
     And yours is most intelligibly sweet !

I don't mind in the least confessing, Geo,  
     I'm pleased that you should ask for my consent,  
 For, though I'm not entitled to say "No",  
     Like all old folks I feel a compliment.

Of course I wish we knew from whom she came—  
     For as to what she is I have no fear—  
 And vainly have I pumped that dry old dame  
     Who always acts as her Duenna here.

But Phyllis says—and she is in her right—  
     "Take me for what I am, or let me be ;"  
 Love gives your answer, and an instinct bright  
     With sixty years of handling speaks for me.

Crede non illam tibi de scelesta  
 Plebe dilectam, neque sic fidelem,  
 Sic lucro aversam, potuisse nasci  
 Matre pudenda.

Brachia et vultum teretesque suras  
 Integer laudo ; fuge surpicari,  
 Cujus octavum trepidavit aetas  
 Claudere lustrum.



A mouth so frank, a brow so broad and fair,  
 Such hands and feet, so fine a carriage too ;  
 And as for eyes, I never saw a pair  
 At once so deep, so truthful, and so blue !

Whate'er the story that enshrouds her birth,  
 By every test that ever was applied  
 In judging women, I'd stake all I'm worth  
 That she lacks nothing on the mother's side !

One trifle more, it may be that it sounds  
 A little coarse and mercantile—but still—  
 A woman who has thirty thousand pounds  
 Marries for nothing but her own sweet will.

We are the last survivors of our race,  
 And have to please ourselves alone, dear boy ;  
 And I for my part shall take heart of grace,  
 Give my consent herewith, and wish you joy.

So bear an old man's blessing to her straight,  
 And add, I shall be growling till I've read  
 A note, in lawyer's phrase, "of even date",  
 Writ in her *pattes de mouche* to Uncle Ned.

And bring the Morning Post upon the scene—  
 We fling our shields in front of her that way—  
 "A marriage has been just arranged between  
 Captain George Hawkhurst and Miss Phyllis Gray".

## AD FAMULUM.

PERSICOS odi, puer, apparatus,  
 Displicent nexae philyra coronae;  
 Mitte sectari rosa quo locorum  
 Sera moretur.

Simplici myrto nihil allabores  
 Sedulus curo : neque te ministrum  
 Dedecet myrtus neque me sub arta  
 Vite bibentem.



## AL FRESCO.

I HATE the sight of your prim white waistcoat,  
 And standing armies of plate and glass,  
 These indoor splendours bore me, Prestcott,  
 I'll have my dinner out on the grass.

Go fetch my wideawake, take this tie ;  
 You may put on your own hat if you please ;  
 And carry me out that cold grouse pie  
 With a bottle of Burgundy under the trees.



## AD POSTUMUM.

**E**HEU fugaces, Postume, Postume,  
 Labuntur anni, nec pietas moram  
 Rugis et instanti senectae  
 Afferet indomitaeque morti,—

Non, si trecentis, quotquot eunt dies,  
 Amice, places illacrimabilem  
 Plutona tauris, qui ter amplum  
 Geryonen Tityonque tristi

Compescit unda, scilicet omnibus  
 Quicunque terrae munere vescimur  
 Enaviganda, sive reges  
 Sive inopes erimus coloni.

Frustra cruento Marte carebimus  
 Fractisque rauci fluctibus Hadriae,  
 Frustra per auctumnos nocentem  
 Corporibus metuemus Austrum :

## SIR PETER.

OF all the little fools I know, there's none  
 Can come within a day's march of Sir Peter ;  
 Frig, pietist, and *petit-maitre* in one,  
 Who could be meaner, fussier, or neater ?

Death is to him a sempiternal fear,  
 Alas, alas, Sir Peter, oh Sir Peter !  
 Your ceremonious coddling makes each year  
 To seem, if anything, a little fleeter !

Tho' not a fop, each grizzling whisker is  
 A source of terror that he can't dissemble ;  
 Each widening wrinkle on his wizen phiz  
 He measures with two hands that really tremble.

He never walks in London after dark,  
 Because he once heard someone was garotted ;  
 Nor helps to shoot the game in his own park,  
 Because he lives in dread of being potted.

Visendus ater flumine languido  
 Cocytos errans et Danai genus  
 Infame damnatusque longi  
 Sisyphus Aeolides laboris.

Linquenda tellus et domus et placens  
 Uxor, neque harum quas colis arborum  
 Te praeter invisas cupressos  
 Ulla brevem dominum sequetur.

Absumet heres Caecuba dignior  
 Servata centum clavibus, et mero  
 Tinget pavimentum superbo  
 Pontificum potiore coenis.



He flies from England to avoid the Spring,  
And skips into a fur-coat in October ;  
He pushes to a vicious point one thing  
That I could make a virtue of—he's sober.

By Jove, yes, there's a cellar thrown away !  
I know his heir, and feel the worst of sinners  
For hoping I may live to see the day  
When that young man begins his course of dinners.



## AD VALGIUM.

NON semper imbres nubibus hispidos  
 Manant in agros aut mare Caspium  
 Vexant inaequales procellae  
 Usque, nec Armeniis in oris,

Amice Valgi, stat glacies iners  
 Menses per omnes aut Aquilonibus  
 Querceta Gargani laborant  
 Et foliis viduantur orni :

Tu semper urges flebilibus modis  
 Mysten ademptum, nec tibi Vespero  
 Surgente decedunt amores  
 Nec rapidum fugiente Solem.

At non ter aevo functus amabilem  
 Ploravit omnes Antilochum senex  
 Annos, nec impubem parentes  
 Troilon aut Phrygiae sorores

FIDELITY.

NO longer mourn for that which thou hast lost  
 But let Time have thy leave to cancel woe ;  
 Too long hast thou postponed thy Pentecost,  
 Give thy last look unto her grave, and go !

Mark how thy mother Nature ever sways  
 The throes that do contort her seething spheres,  
 And on the floor that splintering Havoc lays,  
 Spreads the flowered carpet of the weaving years.



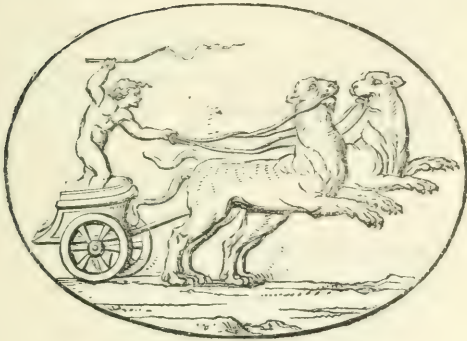
Flevēre semper. Desine mollium  
 Tandem querelarum, et potius nova  
 Cantemus Augusti tropaea  
 Caesaris et rigidum Niphaten,

Medumque flumen gentibus additum  
 Victis minores volvere vertices,  
 Intraque praescriptum Gelonos  
 Exiguus equitare campis.



'Tis time thy heart began to bloom anew  
Above the battered stalks of thy regret,  
Sweet birds still sing, streams sparkle, skies are blue,  
And maidens yearn, and thou art youthful yet,

Arise and choose ; he lied, whoever said  
To love the living were to slight the dead !



## PAUPERTATEM DIVITIIS PRÆFERT.

**N**ON ebur neque aureum  
       Mea renidet in domo lacunar ;  
 Non trabes Hymettiae  
       Premunt columnas ultima recisas

Africa ; neque Attali  
       Ignotus heres regiam occupavi ;  
 Nec Laconicas mihi  
       Trahunt honestae purpuras clientae :

At fides et ingeni  
       Benigna vena est, pauperemque dives  
 Me petit ; nihil supra  
       Deos lacesso, nec potentem amicum

## TEMPLE CHAMBERS.

THE man who dares  
 Three flights of stairs  
 To find me out in "Bracton Building",  
 Must not expect  
 To see them decked  
 With compensating paint or gilding.

The rusty rail  
 Is somewhat frail,  
 The side walls sadly want relining,  
 The steps of stone  
 Are greasy grown,  
 They make a dreary piece of climbing.

Inside, my room  
 Repeats the gloom—  
 At first sight only, be it stated—  
 In fact it pays  
 The man who stays  
 To see how gloom may be abated.

Largiora flagito,  
 Satis beatus unicis Sabinis.  
 Truditur dies die,  
 Novaeque pergunt interire lunae.



Tu secanda marmora  
 Locas sub ipsum funus, et sepulcri  
 Immemor struis domos  
 Marisque Baiis obstrepentis urges

Summovere littora,  
 Parum locuples continente ripa.  
 Quid, quod usque proximos  
 Revellis agri terminos et ultra

I never chanced  
 To be advanced  
 By any honourable client,  
 I had one Brief  
 From a Jew thief,  
 Evasive first but soon defiant,

To whom still sticks  
 The 1. 3. 6.  
 That should have draped my bare exchequer ;  
 And since that day  
 None come my way  
 To fill the void of that old 'wrecker'.

And no one dies  
 By whose demise—  
 In either sense the word admits of—  
 I'm likely to  
 Receive a sous ;  
 My income small is drawn from bits of

Stock chosen well  
 By Charley Bell,  
 That smartest, kindest of brokers,  
 The best judge known  
 Of share or loan,  
 And most exuberant of smokers.

Limites clientium  
 Salis avarus? Pellitur paternos  
 In sinu ferens deos  
 Et uxor et vir sordidosque natos ;



Nulla certior tamen  
 Rapacis Orci fine destinata  
 Aula divitem manet  
 Herum. Quid ultra tendis? Aequa tellus

Pauperi recluditur  
 Regumque pueris, nec satellites Orci  
 Callidum Promethea  
 Revexit auro captus. Hic superbum

With books, and smoke,  
 And pleasant folk  
 I find it easy to kill time here ;  
 And though 'tis far  
 To Temple Bar  
 A goodish many fellows climb here.

Of these some few  
 Are dull 'tis true,  
 But dullards oftentimes furnish study ;  
 There's many a fool  
 Is like a pool  
 As full of specimens as muddy.

A certain Squire  
 Whose one desire  
 Is to be "bigger" than his neighbour,  
 Sighs as he thinks—  
 After three drinks—  
 That saving is a form of labour ;

That buying farms  
 Will lose its charms,  
 The more so, if you do not marry ;  
 I hear, and laugh  
 "Oh that's all chaff,  
 You'll never give it up, Sir Harry !"

Tantalum atque Tantali  
Genus coërcet ; hic levare functum  
Pauperem laboribus  
Vocatus atque non vocatus audit.



Another fool  
 I knew at school,  
 A sort of shoddy, patchwork Crighton,  
 Will prate away  
 The livelong day  
 About his half-built house at Brighton.

At vast expense,  
 Not of good sense,  
 In what he calls "Coordination,"  
 He means to blend  
 Styles without end  
 In that stupendous elevation.

And yet, poor lad,  
 He's worse than bad,  
 And what's more, knows how poor his plight is ;  
 Three years or four,  
 He can't live more,  
 Will slay him of Endocarditis.

Then there's old Hicks,  
 Whose politics  
 Mean knowing folks whose names have handles ;  
 And Peter Grime,  
 Who spends his time  
*A débiter* notorious scandals.



Well, these depart,  
 And off I start  
 To take my stroll up Piccadilly,  
 And as I go  
 Towards Rotten Row,  
 Think folks look sadder and more silly.

I watch the crowd  
 Of riders proud,  
 And mark the carriages with wonder,  
 Then clubward trudge,  
 And without fudge,  
 Don't think my own content a blunder.

For when I see  
 The huge *ennui*,  
 That weighs upon the wealthier classes,  
 I own they strike  
 My mind as like  
 A legion of self-laden asses.



PAX.

## AD THALIARCHUM.

VIDES ut alta stet nive candidum  
 Soracte, nec jam sustineant onus  
 Silvae laborantes geluque  
 Flumina constiterint acuto.

Dissolve frigus ligna super foco  
 Large reponens, atque benignius  
 Deprome quadrimum Sabina,  
 O Thaliarche, merum diota.

Permitte divis cetera, qui simul  
 Stravere ventos aequore fervido  
 Deproeliantes nec cupressi  
 Nec veteres agitantur orni.

Quid sit futurum cras fuge quaerere, et  
 Quem Fors dierum cunque dabit lucro  
 Appone, nec dulces amores  
 Sperne puer neque tu choreas,

## ROLLICK AND FROLIC.

WHITE towers the Lomond 'neath the snow,  
 The spent woods bend and break below,  
 By bristling bands of frost beleaguered  
 The mountain rivulets cease to flow.

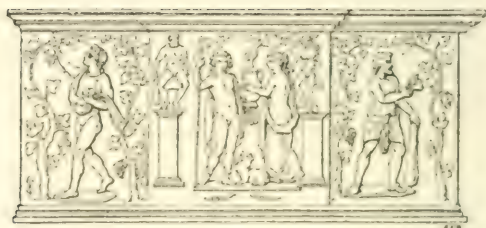
To drive this damned cold out of door  
 With great logs make the chimney roar ;  
 And get us up, Convivial William,  
 One Magnum, say, of your "'64."

All else be their's, whose late decrees  
 Have stilled the wrangling winds and seas ;  
 Mark, how yon veterans of Ashes  
 And Cypress sentinels stand at ease !

To-morrow's forecast fling away,  
 And thank your stars you've got to-day,  
 And stick to dancing and flirtation  
 Until you come to be sour and grey.

Donec virenti canities abest  
 Morosa. Nunc et campus et areae  
 Lenisque sub noctem susurri  
 Composita repetantur hora ;

Nunc et latentis proditor intimo  
 Gratus puellae risus ab angulo,  
 Pignusque dereptum lacertis  
 Aut digito male pertinaci.



Now is your time for sports and games ;  
Now somehow certain persons' names  
Are apt to find themselves repeated  
Over the teacups of certain dames ;

Now in dark corners should you stray,  
A laugh some presence will betray,  
And if you snatch at arm or finger,  
Some *gage d'amitié* comes away.



## LUXUM REPREHENDIT.

JAM pauca aratro jugera regiae  
 Moles relinquent ; undique latius  
 Extenta visentur Lucrino  
 Stagna lacu, platanusque caelebs

Evincet ulmos ; tum violaria et  
 Myrtus et omnis copia narium  
 Spargent olivetis odorem  
 Fertilibus domino priori,

Tum spissa ramis laurea fervidos  
 Excludet ictus. Non ita Romuli  
 Praescriptum et intonsi Catonis  
 Auspiciis veterumque norma.

Privatus illis census erat brevis,  
 Commune magnum : nulla decempedis  
 Metata privatis opacam  
 Porticus excipiebat Arcton,

## SMART SQUIRES.

ALTHOUGH to moralize is not my *forte*,  
 It strikes me that your country-gentleman,  
 I mean the very smart and modern sort,  
 Is hardly living on a proper plan.

The stately mansion, costly *bric-à-brac*,  
 The tawdry plant-house in Paxtonian taste,  
 And back-stairs teeming with the monkey pack  
 Whose creed and pride are idleness and waste.

The gardens, ample for a city's boast,  
 Square miles of covert swarming for display,  
 And farms shorn naked by the martyr host  
 Butchered to make a Cockney holiday ;

The Season, Ascot, Goodwood, Norway, Cowes ;  
 The flight to Monte Carlo, Paris, Rome ;  
 Meanwhile the blinds down at the Country House,  
 Ten months away, perchance, and two at home !

Nec fortuitum spernere caespitem  
Leges sinebant, oppida publico  
Sumptu iubentes et deorum  
Templa novo decorare saxo.



You whine o'er "Agricultural Depression ;"  
But let your candid friend take leave to say,  
That Landlords who abandon their profession,  
Must look to wake up Lacklands some fine day.

The Westerns, Coverleys, and Allworthys,  
With all their failings, played a wholesome *rôle* ;  
They spent their substance on their properties,  
And "Land" and they did better on the whole.



## AD FONTEM BANDUSIAE.

O FONS Bandusiae, splendidior vitro,  
 Dulci digne mero non sine floribus,  
 Cras donaberis haedo  
 Cui frons turgida cornibus

Primis et venerem et proelia destinat,  
 Frustra : nam gelidos inficiet tibi  
 Rubro sanguine rivos  
 Lascivi suboles gregis.

Te flagrantis atrox hora Caniculae  
 Nescit tangere, tu frigus amabile  
 Fessis vomere tauris  
 Praebes et pecori vago.

Fies nobilium tu quoque fontium,  
 Me dicente cavis impositam illicem  
 Saxis, unde loquaces  
 Lymphae desiliunt tuae.

## BOLDRE WATER.

O H, Boldre Water, dear to me  
 As e'er Bandusia's spring could be  
 To him who sang of it so sweetly,  
 One more of Moët I drink to thee !

Thy suns give all that summer needs  
 To bronze the spear-tips on thy reeds,  
 And prank with wealth of gold and purple  
 Thy breadths of rushes and grassy meads.

From reach to reach, at food or play,  
 Thy herds of cows and horses stray,  
 Or 'neath thy friendly birch and alder  
 They lazily doze their noons away.

And I, my rod in hand, the while  
 I seek thy fishes to beguile,  
 Oft trail a careless fly, and ponder  
 Uncertain whether to sigh or smile ;



And say, "Oh, were I like to him  
Who basked beside Bandusia's rim,  
The fame of pleasant Boldre Water  
No lapse of summers should ever dim!"



## DIALOGUS HORATII ET LYDIAE.

**D**ONEC gratus eram tibi  
 Nec quisquam potior brachia candidae  
 Cervici juvenis dabat,  
 Persarum vigui rege beatior.

Donec non alia magis  
 Arsisti neque erat Lydia post Chloën,  
 Multi Lydia nominis  
 Romana vigui clarior Ilia.

Me nunc Thressa Chloë regit  
 Dulces docta modos et citharae sciens,  
 Pro qua non metuum mori  
 Si parcent animae fata superstiti.

Me torret face mutua  
 Thurini Calaïs filius Ornyti,  
 Pro quo bis patiar mori  
 Si parcent puero fata superstiti.

## A SHAM FIGHT.

*H.* **W**HILST I was pleasant in thine eyes, while yet  
 Those unsundered lilies of thy neck  
 No other arm than mine had learned to hem,  
 I had not bartered my love's coronet  
 For all the Royal East, nor, sooth, did reck  
 If Earth held any other diadem.

*L.* Ere yet the fever of thy later flame  
 Its ruinous flicker had begun to fling  
 Along the truant courses of thy blood,  
 And cast back Chloe's shadow on my name,  
 Too fortunate was I and flourishing  
 To change for Ilia's fame my womanhood.

*H.* Ah Chloe, Cretan Chloe, music-sweet !  
 How through my heart thy strain reverberates,  
 Thou mistress of the Cithern and of me !  
 Oh cunning little harper out of Crete,  
 Couldst thou but make thy bargain with the Fates,  
 I should not fear to die in place of thee !

Quid\*si prisca redit Venus  
 Diductosque jugo cogit aëneo,  
 Si flava excutitur Chloë  
 Rejectaeque patet janua Lydiae?

Quamquam sidere pulchrior  
 Ille est, tu levior cortice et improbo  
 Iracundior Hadria,  
 Tecum vivere amem, tecum obeam libens.



- L.* Deem not in leaving me thou leftst me lone ;  
     Calaïs and I have long since lived aglow  
     With love-fires that have made our mutual joy ;  
 And hark, thou traitor, I am free to own,  
     I'd die twice over if I could but know,  
     That dying I could save my darling boy !
- H.* But what if Love, the old Love, came again  
     Leading her penitents in either hand,  
     And forged for both the brazen yoke anew ?  
 If Chloe, golden hair and golden strain,  
     Should vainly on th' unheeding threshold stand  
     Where Lydia, flouted Lydia, had passed through ?
- L.* Though He be fairer than a star, and thou  
     Lighter than foam in thy behaviour art  
     And rougher than the ever-wrangling sea,  
 Yet take me, for I love thee, and avow  
     My dream of life of thine is to form part,  
     And my best hope in death to die with thee.



## AD LIGURINUM.

O CRUDELIS adhuc et Veneris muneribus potens,  
 Insperata tuae cum veniet pluma superbiae,  
 Et quae nunc humeris involitant deciderint comae,  
 Nunc et qui color est puniceae flore prior rosae

Mutatus Ligurinum in faciem verterit hispidam,  
 Dices heu quotiens te speculo videris alterum :  
 “Quae mens est hodie, cur eadem non puero fuit ?  
 Vel cur his animis incolumes non redeunt genae ?”



NECESSITAS

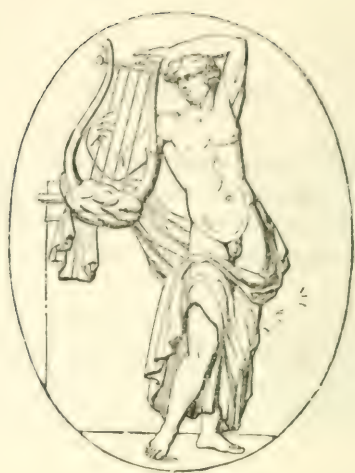
## BLIND BOYS.

BY George, it's very nearly twelve o'clock !  
 And we're to start at seven, eh, Sir Guy ?  
 Which being so, I'll say good-night in block  
 To this especially good company.

And *à propos de bottes*, as I retire  
 Sole champion of an antiquated view  
 Of Love and Life, forgive me if I fire  
 One Parthian shot "into the brown" of you.

Youth—like to Manna in the Wilderness—  
 Spreads out its glittering chances day by day,  
 And day by day the waning stores grow less,  
 And hoarded or unreaped alike decay.

You turn away from the celestial food  
 Strewn for your banquet by benignant skies,  
 And, masters only of the merry mood,  
 Spurn each neglected offering as it lies.



So did not I, thank God ! Love's sunny lands  
In grateful retrospect I still descry,  
Albeit that a tear-stained head-stone stands  
To mar the foreground of my memory.

Gay Cynics of the smoking-room, take care  
Lest haply some of you may sometime say,  
"Why are we not to-day what once we were?"  
Or, "why not once that which we are to-day?"



## IN CHLORIN VETULAM.

UXOR pauperis Ibyci,  
 Tandem nequitiae fige modum tuae  
 Famosisque laboribus :  
 Maturo propior desine funeri

Inter ludere virgines  
 Et stellis nebulam spargere candidis.  
 Non si quid Pholoën satis  
 Et te, Chlори, decet : filia rectius

Expugnat juvenum domos,  
 Pulso Thyias uti concita tympano.  
 Illam cogit amor Nothi  
 Lascivae similem ludere capreae :

Te lanae prope nobilem  
 Tonsae Luceriam, non citharae decent,  
 Nec flos purpureus rosae  
 Nec poti vetulam facce tenus cadi.

## THE FRISKY MATRON.

YOU'RE fifty years old, Lady Dolly,  
 'Tis time you learnt how to behave ;  
 Oh model of middle-aged folly,  
 When will you grow grave !

You've brought out a couple of daughters  
 Whom every one ventures to snub ;  
 I heard them called "wegula snawtas"  
 Last night—at a club !

To see you all prancing together  
 Is almost as sad as absurd ;  
 This moralist hardly knows whether  
 To sigh or to gird.

I never like scanty-topped dresses  
 On any girl over thirteen,  
 But yours, with your *rouge* and bought tresses,  
 Aren't fit to be seen !



Go home, take to sewing and knitting,  
Make jackets and socks for the poor ;  
Give up all this flirting and skitting,  
Turn grey and demure.

Accept without tricks or complaining  
The changes that nature decrees,  
Nor vainly insist upon draining  
Life down to the lees.



## AD LYDEN

FESTO quid potius die  
       Neptuni faciam? Prome reconditum,  
 Lyde strenua, Caecubum  
       Munitaeque adhibe vim sapientiae.

Inclinare merediem  
       Sentis ac, veluti stet volucris dies,  
 Parcis deripere horreo  
       Cessantem Bibuli consulis amphoram.

Nos cantabimus invicem  
       Neptunum et virides Nereïdum comas ;  
 Tu curva recines lyra  
       Latonam et celeris spicula Cynthiae ;

Summo carmine quae Cnidon  
       Fulgentesque tenet Cycladas et Paphon  
 Junctis visit oloribus ;  
       Dicetur merita Nox quoque nenia.

## A BIRTHDAY.

WHAT shall we do on this sixth of November,  
     Do on this day of all days in the year?  
 Call up such things as we care to remember?  
     Drink to your health? That is clear, my Dear!

Down sinks the Sun in a hall of vermillion,  
     Carmine, and amethyst, orange, and green;  
 Revel we too in a fairy pavilion,  
     Gleaming with Youth and its sheen, my Queen!

Wring we again from yon Keyboard's slumbers  
     Passionate themes that our hearts once wrung,  
 You with your Schubert's and Schumann's numbers,  
     I with the songs that I sung, when young!

What do they matter, Love, what do they matter,  
     Pallor and wrinkles and tresses white?  
 Perrier-Jouet, and tunes, and chatter,  
     Let us be foolish, and bright, to-night!

## AD ASTERIEN.

QUID fles, Asterie, quem tibi candidi  
 Primo restituent vere Favonii  
 Thyna merce beatum,  
 Constantis juvenem fide,

Gygen? Ille Notis actus ad Oricum  
 Post insana Caprae sidera frigidas  
 Noctes non sine multis  
 Insomnis lacrimis agit.

Atqui sollicitae nuntius hospitae,  
 Suspirare Chloën et miseram tuis  
 Dicens ignibus uri,  
 Tentat mille vafer modis.

Ut Proetum mulier perfida credulum  
 Falsis impulerit criminibus nimis  
 Casto Bellerophonti  
 Maturare necem, refert

## A BROTHER'S LETTER.

DON'T cry your little eyes out, poor dear Ciss !  
 My Colonel tells me that the "Onety Oneths,"  
 Owing to some fresh Horse-Guards vagaries,  
 Are due at home again in eighteen months.

And meanwhile George will have a heap of fun,  
 Will shoot his tiger, stick wild pigs galore,  
 Win a few hack races in garrison,  
 And bring home Indian weapons by the score.

Besides, he's sure to ransack each bazaar  
 For carpets, china, silks, and bric-a-brac ;  
 So, though this parting is a nasty jar,  
 You'll "get home" well upon his coming back.

One word of warning ; all the flirting set,  
 I mean my Lady Doll and her *galère*,  
 Will do their level best to make you fret  
 About poor dear old George's life out there.

Narrat paene datum Pelea Tartaro,  
 Magnessam Hippolyten dum fugit abstinens ;  
 Et peccare docentes  
 Fallax historias movet.

Frustra : nam scopulis surdior Icari  
 Voces audit adhuc integer. At tibi  
 Ne vicinus Enipeus  
 Plus justo placeat cave ;

Quamvis non alius flectere equum sciens  
 Aeque conspicitur gramine Martio,  
 Nec quisquam citus aeque  
 Tusco denatat alveo.

Prima nocte domum claude neque in vias  
 Sub cantu querulae despice tibiae,  
 Et te saepe vocanti  
 Duram difficilis mane.



You know as well as I do what they are ;  
 They can't conceive of people running straight  
 And hating all things slantingdicular—  
 God knows, they don't themselves, at any rate !

And, by the bye, George Hawkhurst came to me  
 In the Rag smoking-room this afternoon,  
 And told me that that rank outsider B.,  
 Who pestered Kitty Frampton so last June,

Had said—confound his insolence—he meant  
 To take his horses down to Featherstone,  
 And hunt with the Old Blankshire ; so I went  
 Up to the beggar where he sat alone,

And said, he'd find the stalls at F. all let ;  
 "Who's taken them?" said he ; "This child," said I ;  
 Nothing more passed, but you may safely bet  
 You won't be plagued by him, old Ciss. Good-bye.



## IN LYCEN VETULAM.

AUDIVERE, Lyce, di mea vota, di  
 Audivere, Lyce : sis anus, et tamen  
 Vis formosa videri  
 Ludisque et bibis impudens

Et cantu tremulo pota Cupidinem  
 Lentum sollicitas. Ille virentis et  
 Doctae psallere Chiaë  
 Pulchris excubat in genis.

Importunus enim transvolat aridas  
 Quercus, et refugit te quia luridi  
 Dentes, te quia rugae  
 Turpant et capitis nives.

Nec Coae referunt jam tibi purpuræ  
 Nec clari lapides tempora, quæ semel  
 Notis condita fastis  
 Inclusit volucris dies.

## THE OLD COQUETTE.

THE Gods have heard my prayer, Lizzie,  
 The Gods have heard my prayer !  
 You're old, my dear,  
 But would appear  
 Winning as once you were, Lizzie !

Your wine you nowise shy ;  
 Your jinks are over high ;  
     And Love hangs back  
     At the maudlin crack  
 Of the songs you still will try !

He, without shame or pity,  
 Hath found a songstress pretty,  
     And made his lair  
     In the dimples fair  
 Of clever, blooming Kitty.

His wings will not bend down  
 Towards trees whose leaves are brown ;  
     He shuns like truth  
     A long dark tooth,  
 Wrinkles, and grizzled crown.

Quo fugit venus, heu, quove color? decens  
 Quo motus? quid habes illius, illius,  
     Quae spirabat amores,  
     Quae me surpuerat mihi,

Felix post Cinaram, notaque et artium  
 Gratarum facies? Sed Cinarae breves  
     Annos fata dederunt,  
     Servatura diu parem

Cornicis vetulae temporibus Lycen,  
 Possent ut juvenes visere fervidi  
     Multo non sine risu  
     Dilapsam in cineres facem.



FORTITUDO.

That low-cut frock, *ma chère*,  
 And plastering *rivière*,  
     Don't take you back  
     Far on the track  
 Of years to the days that were.

Venus ! Can you be she,  
 She who came over me ?  
     Whose arts and smile  
     For a brief while  
 Swamped Carry's memory ?

Ah why, alas ! ah, why  
 Should gentle Carry die,  
     So sweet, so true,  
     So young, while you  
 Grow old in coquetry !



NBCE35:1TA3

## IN CANIDIAM VENEFICAM.

" **A**T, o Deorum quidquid in caelo regit  
 Terras et humanum genus,  
 Quid iste fert tumultus? Aut quid omnium  
 Vultus in unum me truces?  
 Per liberos te, si vocata partibus  
 Lucina veris affuit,  
 Per hoc inane purpurae decus precor  
 Per improbaturum haec Jovem,  
 Quid ut noverca me intueris, aut uti  
 Petita ferro bellua?"  
 Ut haec trementi questus ore constitit  
 Insignibus raptis puer,  
 Impube corpus, quale posset impia  
 Mollire Thracum pectora,  
 Canidia brevibus implicata viperis  
 Crines et incompertum caput,  
 Jubet sepulchris caprificos erutas,  
 Jubet cupressus funebres,  
 Et uncta turpis ova ranae sanguine,  
 Plumamque nocturnae strigis

## WEIRD SISTERS.

THE reign of Hecat  is o'er,  
 Her murderous votaries no more  
 Kidnap and slay ; in such a guise  
 Her bloody trade no sorceress plies ;  
 Yet still Canidia seems to carve  
 The grave in which some child shall starve ;  
 Sagana's tooth and Veia's nail  
 Still seem to rend their victims pale ;  
 And still with hellish dance and rite  
 They seem to desecrate the night.  
 Each finds her latest parallel  
 Among those Pariah souls who dwell  
 As richly shrined as lightly prized,  
 Unnamed, unowned, unrecognized ;  
 In heart, and mind, and body, wrecks  
 Of all that sanctifies their sex ;  
 Victims perchance, but e'en if so,  
 Victims that into vampires grow ;  
 And as those Hags of olden time,  
 'Gainst whom great Flaccus hurled his rhyme,

Herbasque, quas Iolcus atque Iberia  
 Mittit venenorum ferax,  
 Et ossa ab ore rapta jejunae canis  
 Flammis aduri Colchicis.  
 At expedita Sagana per totam domum  
 Spargens Avernales aquas  
 Horret capillis ut marinus asperis  
 Echinus aut currens aper.  
 Abacta nullâ Veia conscientîâ,  
 Ligonibus duris humum  
 Exhaustabat ingemens laboribus,  
 Quo posset infossus puer  
 Longo die bis terque mutatae dapis  
 Inemori spectaculo,  
 Quum promineret ore, quantum exstant aquâ  
 Suspensa mento corpora ;  
 Exsucta uti medulla et aridum jecur  
 Amoris esset poculum,  
 Interminato quum semel fixae cibo  
 Intabuissent pupulae.  
 Non defuisse masculae libidinis  
 Ariminensem Foliam  
 Et otiosa credidit Neapolis  
 Et omne vicinum oppidum,  
 Quae sidera excantata voce Thessalâ  
 Lunamque coelo deripit.  
 Hic irresectum saeva dente livido  
 Canidia rodens pollicem  
 Quid dixit aut quid tacuit? "O, rebus meis  
 Non infideles arbitrae,  
 Nox et Diana, quae silentium regis,

With seething cauldron, ghastly spell,  
 And antic shows of their mock Hell,  
 Some hapless youth would immolate  
 To work a charm or wreak a hate,  
 So these will lie in wait, and prey  
 On such weak lives as come their way ;  
 And drag down fortune health and fame  
 To the foul slough of their own shame ;  
 For perished hopes a saucy laugh  
 Is all they spare for epitaph,  
 Flouncing the while, as who should say  
 " We have been ruined, why not they ? "

It was the lair of one of these,  
 A temple of caprice and ease ;  
 The walls with florid silks were hung,  
 Rich furs were on the couches flung ;  
 Here stood a toilet-table smart  
 With marvels of the goldsmith's art,  
 And here a washing-alcove vain  
 With marble bath and porcelain.  
 The sumptuous bed spread piled on high  
 With satins, down, and broidery ;  
 A pair of brazen doves upbore  
 Its lace-fringed curtains, while two more  
 Kissed in the head ; and in it lay  
 Alone, untended, cast away,  
 Canidia's latest shattered toy,  
 At his last gasp, a dying Boy.  
 Poor lad, he lay a wasted thing,  
 With frayed lips faintly muttering ;  
 A half-shed tear on each closed eye

Arcana cum fiunt sacra,  
 Nunc nunc adeste, nunc in hostiles domos  
 Iram atque numen vertite !  
 Formidolosis dum latent sylvis ferae  
 Dulci sopore languidae,  
 Senem, quod omnes rideant, adulterum  
 Latrent Suburanae canes  
 Nardo perunctum, quale non perfectius  
 Meae laborarint manus.  
 Quid accidit? Cur dira barbaræ minus  
 Venena Medeae valent?  
 Quibus superbam fugit ulta pellicem,  
 Magni Creontis filiam,  
 Quum palla, tabo munus imbutum, novam  
 Incendio nuptam abstulit.  
 Atqui nec herba nec latens in asperis  
 Radix fefellit me locis.  
 Indormit unctis omnium cubilibus  
 Oblivione pellicum  
 Ah, ah ! Solutus ambulat veneficae  
 Scientioris carmine.  
 Non usitatis Vare potionibus  
 O multa fleturum caput,  
 Ad me recurre nec vocata mens tua  
 Marsis redibit vocibus.  
 Majus parabo, majus infundam tibi  
 Fastidienti poculum,  
 Priusque coelum sidet inferius mari  
 Tellure porrecta super,  
 Quam non amore sic meo flagres uti  
 Bitumen atris ignibus."

Told of remorse and misery ;  
 His heart had wandered as he lay  
 To all that he had flung away,  
 Love, sister, home, his lost estate,  
 Remembered all, alas, too late ;  
 While, such his shame and his despair,  
 None knew that he lay shuddering there,  
 Alone, alone, in Circe's sty  
 With death and night for company.

Draw close the curtains fringed with lace,  
 Shut out the poor contorted face,  
 Leave him alone with death and gloom,  
 And step down to Canidia's room.  
 About a table amply lit  
 She, Sagana, and Veia sit ;  
 These are no crabbed crooked crones,  
 But beauteous 'mid earth's beauteous ones.  
 No herb or drug they cull or dress,  
 Their philtres stream in a caress ;  
 The deadly draughts wherewith they kill  
 From eye, and cheek, and lip distill ;  
 And far more sure, and far more fell  
 Than votaries of a fabled Hell,  
 They work the doom of those who quaff  
 The poison of their kiss or laugh.  
 Callous and cold behold the Three ;  
 They have supped well and daintily ;  
 For they can eat, and they can drain  
 Recurrent draughts of rich champagne,  
 And each has now her goblet set,  
 And each mouth holds a cigarette ;

Sub haec puer jam non ut ante mollibus  
     Lenire verbis impias,  
 Sed dubius unde rumperet silentium  
     Misit Thyesteas preces :  
 " Venena, magnum fas nefasque non valent  
     Convertere humanam vicem ;  
 Diris agam vos ; dira detestatio  
     Nulla expiatur victima.  
 Quin ubi perire jussus expiravero,  
     Nocturnus occurram furor,  
 Petamque vultus umbra curvis unguibus  
     Quae vis Deorum est Manium,  
 Et inquietis assidens praecordiis  
     Pavore somnos auferam.  
 Vos turba vicatim hinc et hinc saxis petens  
     Contundet obscoenas anus.  
 Post insepulta membra different lupi  
     Et Esquilinae alites ;  
 Neque hoc parentes heu mihi superstites  
     Effugerit spectaculum.



Their chatter spiced with oath and joke,  
 They loll, and laugh, and sip, and smoke,  
 With scarce a pause or passing word  
 To show that their hard hearts are stirred  
 E'en at the thought that Death's stern tread  
 Paces the chamber overhead.

The door-bell rings, and through the hall  
 Sudden they hear a man's foot fall ;  
 "The Doctor's step !" Canidia swears—  
 "Now I shall have to go upstairs !"   
 Says Sagana, "No hurry yet !"   
 And Veia, "Smoke your cigarette !"   
 So back she lolls, when, lo, once more  
 They hear a step approach the door ;  
 And as a hand the handle tries,  
 Instinctively the trio rise ;  
 And half in fear they mutely scan  
 The grey-haired serious-looking man.  
 He enters ; "Oh," Canidia cries,  
 "I was just coming !" . . . .  
 . . . . . To her eyes  
 Half culprit, half audacious, stole  
 A glance intended to cajole ;  
 But, scarce evoked, its fatuous rays  
 Died out, as his contemptuous gaze  
 Repelled her, and he gravely said,  
 "Stay where you are ! The poor Lad's dead."

FENERATOR ALFIUS VITAM RUSTICAM  
LAUDAT.

BEATUS ille qui procul negotiis,  
 Ut prisca gens mortalium,  
 Paterna rura bobus exercet suis,  
 Solutus omni fenore,  
 Neque excitatur classico miles truci,  
 Neque horret iratum mare,  
 Forumque vitat et superba civium  
 Potentiorum limina.  
 Ergo aut adulta vitium propagine  
 Altas maritat populos,  
 Aut in reducta valle mugientium  
 Prospectat errantes greges,  
 Inutilesque falce ramos amputans  
 Feliciores inserit,  
 Aut pressa puris mella condit amphoris,  
 Aut tondet infirmas oves ;  
 Vel cum decorum mitibus pomis caput  
 Auctumnus agris extulit,  
 Ut gaudet insitiva decerpens pira,  
 Certantem et uvam purpuræ,

## THE QUEEN'S COUNSEL.

O H might some freak of time or fate  
 In our joint lives interpolate  
 Before we get too old, my dear,  
 An intercalatory year ;  
 Which we might spend at our sweet will,  
 Most probably at Vicars Hill,  
 Without incurring risk or blame,  
 Or sense of idleness, or shame,  
 Or lapse in duty, loss in purse,  
 In short be not one whit the worse !

We would be comrades day by day  
 Of Nature on her glorious way,†  
 Would watch the Sun complete his track  
 All round the blessed Zodiac,  
 And hail the Months as each one speeds  
 To drape the woods and deck the meads,  
 Like tiring-maids whose turn draws near  
 To change the apparel of the Year.

How would we with combined intent  
 Note every outdoor incident !  
 You, in your way, each floweret's springing,

Qua muneretur te, Priape, et te, pater  
 Silvane, tutor finium !  
 Libet jacere modo sub antiqua ilice,  
 Modo in tenaci gramine.  
 Labuntur altis interim ripis aquae,  
 Queruntur in silvis aves,



Fontesque lymphis obstrepunt manantibus,  
 Somnos quod invitet leves.  
 At cum tonantis annus hibernus Jovis  
 Imbres nivesque comparat,  
 Aut trudit acres hinc et hinc multa cane  
 Apros in obstantes plagas,

Each-song-bird's earliest day of singing,  
 And I, in mine as careful, trace  
 The kitchen-garden's mantling grace ;  
 Bold Rhubarb first, vermilion-polled,  
 Bursting his swaddling-cloths of mould ;  
 And next that little violet head  
 That peeps up from its fine-strewn bed,  
 As who should say with timid pride, }  
 " Behold Asparagus the bride        }  
 Of him who feasts your Eastertide, }  
 The firstling of your flocks, I am  
 The tender consort of Roast Lamb."  
 So later would I pace the lines  
 Where Marrowfat's soft tendril twines,  
 And through his white bloom's sundered lip  
 Spy the first pod's uptilted tip,  
 And sigh for Sage, and that good bird  
 Whose honest quack I'd lately heard ;  
 Then pause to think how strange the tether  
 That binds far distant types together,  
 And gratefully reflect that He  
 Who made the Duck ordained the Pea !  
     Sights scents and sounds of summer days !  
 I see your terrace-beds, ablaze ;  
 The lawn is flecked with shadows fine  
 From weeping Elm and dark green Pine ;  
 A Gum-tree's opalescent crest  
 Scarce answers to the breathing west,  
 And overhangs with tender shade  
 The Pampas-grass's still cascade.  
 As down your favourite walk I go,

Aut amite levi rara tendit retia,  
 Turdis edacibus dolos,  
 Pavidumque leporem et advenam laqueo gruem  
 Jucunda captat praemia.  
 Quis non malarum quas amor curas habet  
 Haec inter obliviscitur?



Quodsi pudica mulier in partem juvet  
 Domum atque dulces liberos,  
 Sabina qualis aut perusta solibus  
 Pernicis uxor Apuli,  
 Sacrum vetustis extruat lignis focum  
 Lassi sub adventum viri,

High o'er my head the lilies blow,  
 While underneath Tigridias vie  
 With blades of scarlet Gladioli,  
 Whose stems in turn are sweetly set  
 In Heliotrope and Mignonette.  
 Their mingled sweets infect the air,  
 And draw the Bees in squadrons there,  
 Gay Butterflies, and countless forms  
 Of happy insect-life in swarms,  
 While answering song-birds far and near  
 With rival notes complete the cheer.  
 Within my soul tumultuous throng  
 The mingled hues and scents and song ;  
 I love the Birds, I love the Bees,  
 The merry flowers, the sober trees ;  
 The cordial summer glows within  
 Till Nature seems ten times akin ;  
 A new pulse beats along my blood,  
 A sense of general brotherhood,  
 And bird, and beast, and flower, and fly  
 And man, seem but one family,  
 And Summer one high festival  
 Our common Mother holds for all !  
 I change my dream ; now self-impressed  
 Among the " hands " at hay-harvest  
 I ted the swathes with might and main,  
 Or help to pile the scented wain ;  
 Then, tired with toil unwonted, pass  
 An hour supine upon the grass,  
 Watching the river as it flows,  
 Until my eyelids gently close.

Claudensque textis cratibus lactum pecus  
 Distenta siccet ubera,  
 Et horna dulci vina promens dolio  
 Dapes inemptas apparet :  
 Non me Lucrina juverint conchylia  
 Magisve rhombus aut scari,



Si quos Eois intonata fluctibus  
 Hiems ad hoc vertat mare ;  
 Non Afra avis descendat in ventrem meum,  
 Non attagen Ionicus  
 Jucundior, quam lecta de pinguissimis  
 Oliva ramis arborum

Anon with sudden impulse braced  
 I belt my knives about my waist,  
 And shouldering axe and saw, set out  
 To have a summer-pruning bout ;  
 Or stroll off to the lower mead  
 To pat my Guernseys as they feed ;  
 And as I watch each careful beast  
 Intent upon her evening feast,  
 Rejecting here, selecting there,  
 Munch with discriminating *flair*,  
 'Mid herbs whose differences to her  
 Are as the dishes we prefer,  
 I suddenly reflect—Great Heaven,  
 My watch says that 'tis half-past seven !  
 I must not let the spring soup wait  
 One moment from the stroke of eight ;  
 Then there's the turbot F. brought down,  
 At least I trust he did, from town ;  
 And new potatoes, pretty toy !  
 And Lamb and Peas, and that rare joy,  
 That Oxymel, that thing apart,  
 That garden Comet, Green Peach Tart !  
 So home I trudge, well pleased to see  
 The red sun flame o'er Battramslea,  
 And up the East, serene and pale,  
 Fronting his fires, the full Moon sail,  
 And steeped in joy, and thankfulness,  
 And general love, go up to dress.

Summer, farewell ! Sweet August come !  
 Purveyor of the Peach and Plum !  
 Thy south-west breezes seem to sigh

Aut herba lapathi prata amantis et gravi  
     Malvae salubres corpori,  
 Vel agna festis caesa Terminalibus,  
     Vel haedus creptus lupo.  
 Has inter epulas ut juvat pastas oves  
     Videre properantes domum,  
 Videre fessos vomerem inversum boves  
     Collo trahentes languido,  
 Positosque vernas, ditis examen domus,  
     Circum renidentes Lares !  
 Haec ubi locutus fenerator Alfius,  
     Jam jam futurus rusticus,  
 Omnem redegit Idibus pecuniam,  
     Quaerit Kalendis ponere.



A requiem over Trout that die,  
 Victims—as I should be, no doubt, ·  
 Had I been born a Salmon Trout—  
 To dainties delicately cooked ;  
 God knows how soon I should get hooked !  
 Upon the terrace see me stand,  
 Bag shouldered, landing-net in hand,  
 Th' etceteras of an Angler's store  
 All carefully accounted for.  
 As I stretch out my twelve-foot rod,  
 Its top joint seems to spring and nod,  
 As if it longed to feel again  
 A five-pound fish's well-known strain.  
 My Spaniel, eager for the hunt  
 Of moorhens, scampers on in front,  
 Returning ever and anon  
 To make sure I am coming on ;  
 Once through the gate, he doubts no more,  
 But gleeful rushes off at score,  
 And ere I reach the water's edge  
 Is lost in reed and sludge and sedge.  
 The breeze falls light as I begin ;  
 I see no symptom of a fin,  
 As reach on reach from shore to shore  
*Secundum artem* I explore,  
 Until at last I find a fool  
 Expectant in the "Ampress" pool.

Here let me pause, and so cut short  
 Vain chronicles of lonely sport ;  
 They are but idle boasts at best  
 That run no risk of wholesome test.



Day follows day in varying rank,  
 Good, middling, fair, vexatious, blank,  
 Until September, swart and ripe,  
 Brings me in contact with the Snipe.  
 The Snipe ! There is no bird that flies,  
 All round whom I more highly prize ;  
 For he is rare, the little brute,  
 And somewhat difficult to shoot,  
 And more than aught that draweth breath  
 Companionable after death.  
 How grateful ought I not to be  
 To him and the Salmonidæ !  
 They stand me in right noble stead  
 Till half October's days are sped,  
 And chill, and gloom, and flood, and gale,  
 Put marsh and stream beyond the pale.

But two months thus remain, my dear,  
 For us out of our model year.  
 Still something 'twere for you and me  
 To watch the Earth, in company,  
 Like a live thing accepting fate,  
 Fold her vast wings to hibernate,  
 Just as we watched from March to May  
 Her opening plumes their breadth display.  
 Much comfort would there be to glean  
 E'en from grey Winter's prim routine ;  
 The gardening plans, the short brisk walk,  
 Where silence lends its charm to talk,  
 The fireside doze above a book,  
 The tea-cup (large) in cosy nook,  
 The generous dinner, music, whist,



Form an *ensemble* nowise *triste*,  
 But one, wherein the thoughtful mind  
 A mystic hint might even find,  
 To make the year's decline, sweet friend,  
 A symbol of life's quiet end.

So wrote a Lawyer, leisure-smit ;  
 But while he read what he had writ,  
 His Clerk broke in with vulgar glee,  
 And handed him Retainers three ;  
 He pocketed the cheques, and sighed,  
 " This dream dies as its brethren died !  
 " So Fenerator Alfius,  
 " Jam jam futuris Rusticus,  
 " His money carefully relent,  
 " E'en as he sang, at cent. per cent. ;  
 " Howe'er they babble of green fields,  
 " Few quit what wealth or honour yields ! "



## DE CARMINIBUS SUIS.

**E**XEGI monumentum aere perennius  
 Regalique situ pyramidum altius,  
 Quod non imber edax, non Aquilo impotens  
 Possit diruere aut innumerabilis  
 Annorum series et fuga temporum.  
 Non omnis moriar, multaque pars mei  
 Vitabit Libitinam : usque ego postera  
 Crescam laude recens dum Capitolium  
 Scandet cum tacita virgine pontifex.  
 Dicar qua violens obstrepit Aufidus  
 Et qua pauper aquae Daunus agrestium  
 Regnavit populorum, ex humili potens,  
 Princeps Aeolium carmen ad Italos  
 Deduxisse modos. Sume superbiam  
 Quaesitam meritis et mihi Delphica  
 Lauro cinge volens, Melpomene, comam.

ENVOI.

'TWOULD seem a little tall should I compare  
     This book of mine unto a Pyramid ;  
 Or trusting to the brass within, should dare  
     For its perennial life to make a bid.

I have not launched it on the world, and so  
     It lies well sheltered, with unruffled page,  
 From "imber edax" and from "Aquila,"  
     The teeth and storms of literary rage.

"Non omnis morietur ;" howsoe'er  
     My purpose idle or my verse ill done,  
 Some lenient soul shall somewhere see and share  
     My love for Horace, and condone my fun.

Perchance some lone grouse-driver in his butt,  
     Or weary fisher waiting for "the rise,"  
 Some public-school boy in a soldier's hut,  
     Some yachtsman dreaming under tropic skies,



Shall give me heart-room : Then cheer up, my Muse !  
 And, as a self-dubbed Baronet makes red  
 His scutcheon with the "Bloody Hand," I'll choose  
 A modest little wreath for my own head.



PUDICITIA.

FINIS.

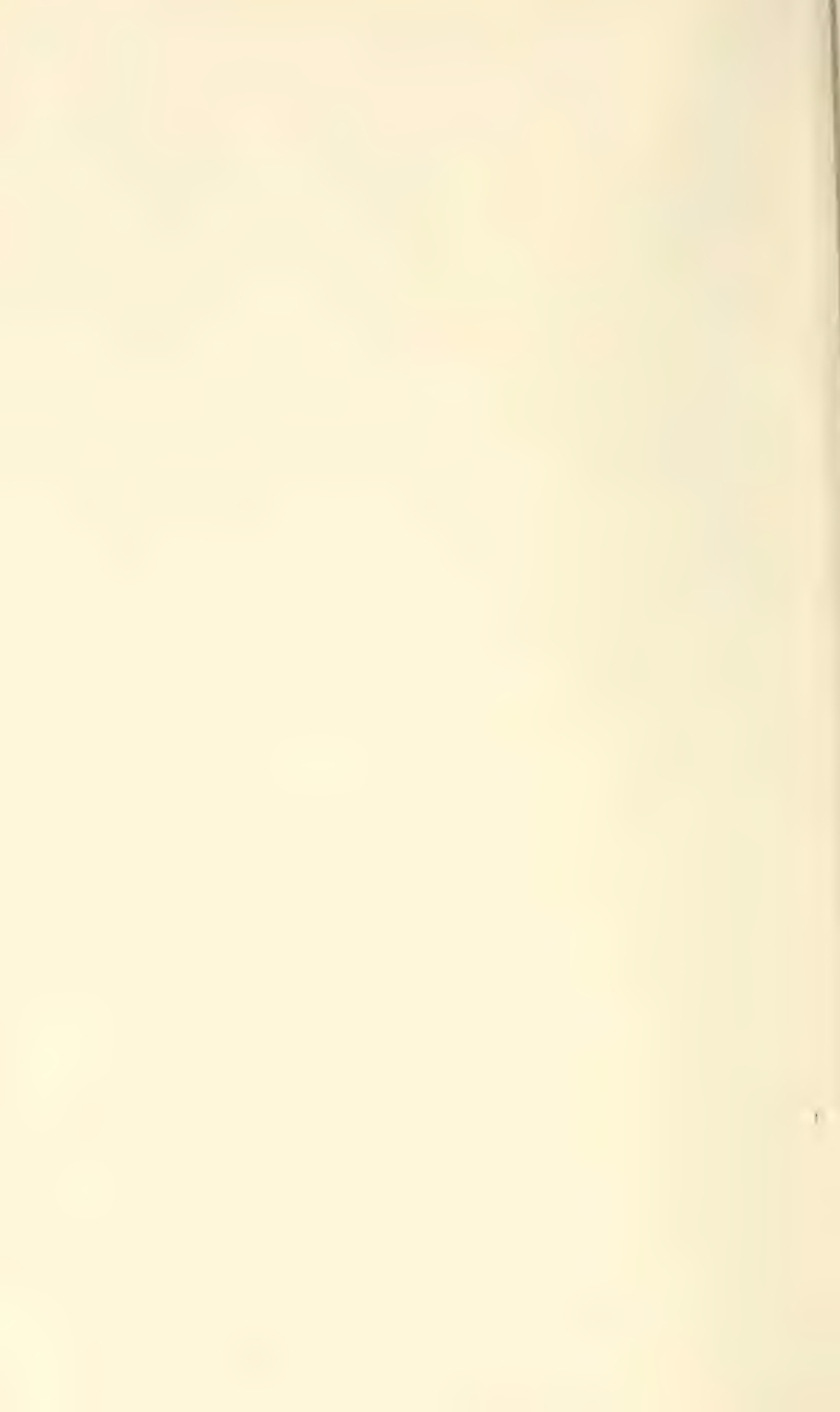




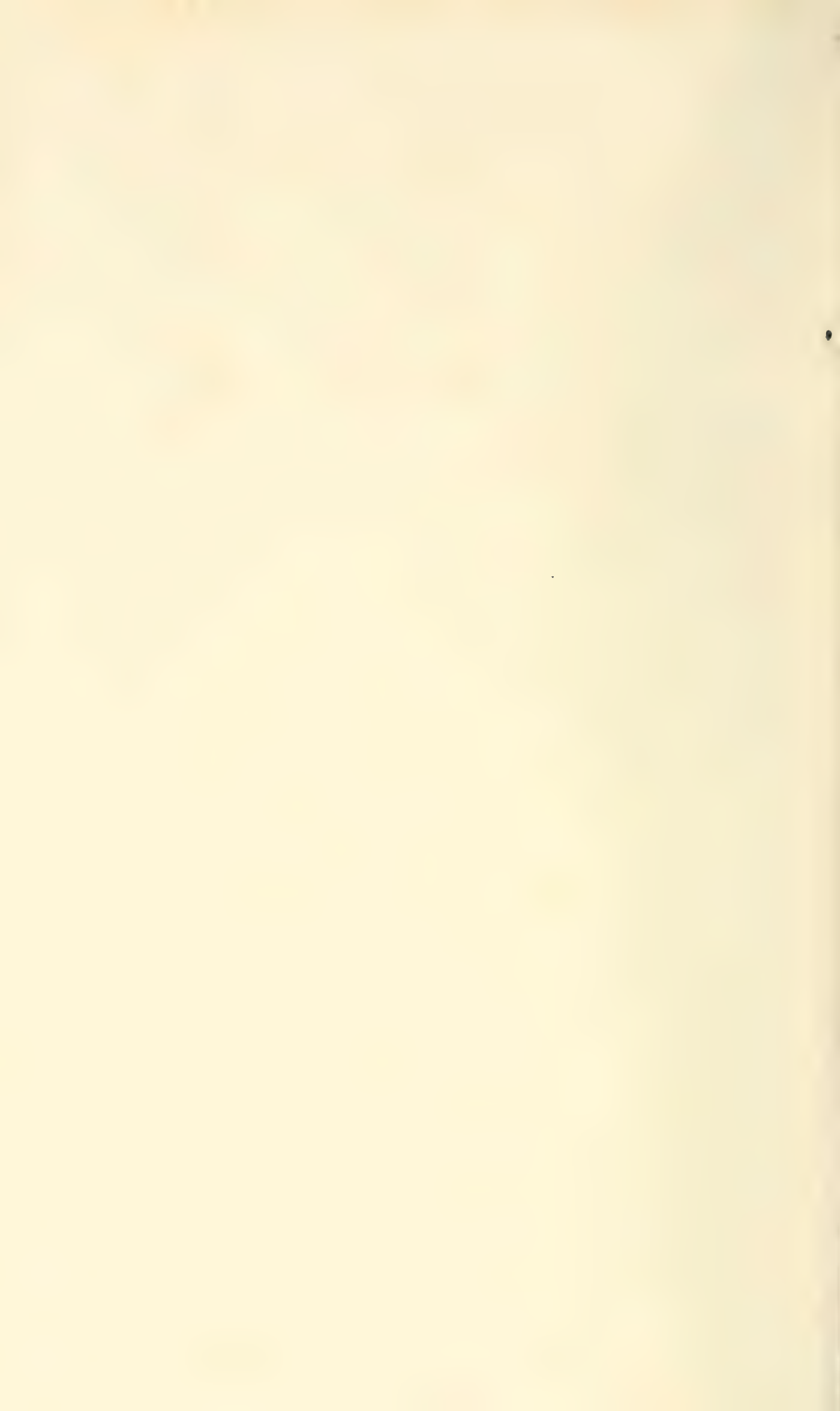
CHISWICK PRESS:—C. WHITTINGHAM AND CO., TOOKS COURT,  
CHANCERY LANE.













THE LIBRARY  
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA  
LOS ANGELES

University of California, Los Angeles



L 006 832 082 9

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY



AA 000 370 999 5

